

Saying Goodbye

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Summary:

He finally got to say goodbye, the way he should've said goodbye a year ago.

Saying Goodbye

After his friends had said goodbye and he had shared that one final kiss with Bev, Bill was back at home with his parents, who still acted like he wasn't there most of the time. The cops were retrieving many bodies out of the sewers - all those missing kids were being returned, ready to be buried and their families could grieve in peace.

His mom was making dinner, silent in the kitchen while his dad read in the living room, when there was a loud knock on the door.

"Mr. Denbrough, may I come in?" a deep voice asked. Bill moved to stand in the doorway of the living room, his mom behind him as they watched a tall, broad-shouldered cop come in and sit down on the couch.

"We... we've recovered the body of George."

Bill heard his mom let out a weak sob behind him before she fell into a kitchen chair.

"I'm sorry," the cop said. Bill just saw his dad nod, and the cop stood up. "We... we found his jacket. The yellow rain-slicker. If you'd like it... it's down at the morgue with his body. You can pick it up anytime. We've talked to the mayor, and he'll gladly pay for a funeral that young George would love."

"J-Juh-Juh-Georgie. His name is Georgie," Bill finally got out, seeing his mom and dad look at him, as if they were seeing him for the first

time.

“I’m sorry. Georgie.”

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A few days later, they finally got to lay Georgie to rest - surrounding him were his favorite stuffed animals and his favorite blanket was tucked in with him. Bill had known what to expect, having seen the Clown version of Georgie, but seeing the real thing, lying there, pale and cold, over a year missing had barely changed him. The damn clowns magic or whatever the fuck it had kept him looking like he had the day he had disappeared, and it took all Bill had not to start crying at his little brother being lowered into the ground.

His mom began to sob again, falling into his dad’s arms. He didn’t expect anything from them, but then Richie was there, with Eddie and Stan in tow, Mike and Ben not far behind them. They had all come to say goodbye.

Now, Bill cried. His mom saw him and grabbed him, hugging him too her.

“I’m so sorry Billy. I’m so sorry,” she whispered to him, and Bill clung to his mom, the first time she had held him in over a year.

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Bill took a deep breath and wiped his eyes as he looked at his mom and dad, and then his friends.

“J-Juh-Georgie wasn’t just my little br-brother. He was my best friend,” he said, trying so hard to not stutter as he began his speech. “I...I never gave up h-hope that he was alive. B-b-but th-then he wasn’t. He was gone.” Bill began to cry, a few tears slipping down his cheeks, before he wiped them away. “I’m sorry I couldn’t s-s-save you J-Juh-Georgie. I tried. I miss you.” He broke down then, crying against the podium. He felt someone pull him back and he fell into a large group of arms - his friends were there, holding him, letting him finally grieve.

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Bill stayed after everyone had left, staring at all of the toys, the flowers, the pictures of Georgie and his family that stood around the gravesite. He rubbed at his eyes & reached into his pocket. He had found this down in the sewers, and hadn’t told anyone -- he pulled out the worn, bent and crushed paper sailboat with the words *S.S.Georgie* written on it in faded marker. He kneeled down and put it down by the headstone.

“I l-lo-love you Georgie. I’m sorry.”

“ *I’m sorry Billy .*” Bill turned and saw his brother standing there, his blanket wrapped in his one arm, his hair combed and his face clean. “ *I didn’t mean to get hurt.*”

“I-it’s okay. Y-y-you’re oh-okay now. A-aren’t you?”

“I’m okay Billy. She just got away from me. She was too fast in the rain. You weren’t mad were you?”

“N-no, I’m not m-mad.”

Georgie smiled, that cute dimpled smile of his and Bill just wanted to cry again.

“ I miss you Billy. I miss mom and dad and my room and my toys. But I have to go, don’t I?”

Bill nodded and Georgie moved to him, letting him wrap him in one last hug. He was warm now, and Bill could feel him, as solid as he had been on that last day he had seen him alive.

“I love you Billy.”

“I love you too Georgie.” Georgie smiled before he faded into the misty sunlight.

“ *Thank you Billy....*” was the last thing Bill heard as he got on his bike and went on his way home.

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